

HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN

Edited by
Ernest Baughman

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PROVERBS FROM GREENE COUNTY, INDIANA

These proverbs and sayings were jotted down from people living in Greene County, Indiana. Everything is from this locality unless labeled otherwise.

Informants

- A. General Usage. These sayings are in such common usage that I do not associate them with any particular person or group.
- B. Mrs. Malena A. Titus, my mother, Linton, born in Pike County, Indiana, but a resident of Greene County except for her early years. Her youth was spent near Owsburg in a region called Dry Branch, also near Robinson and Dresden, Indiana.
- C. Herman E. Greene. These sayings, used by Mr. Greene prior to 1930, are probably widespread, but I heard him use them more often than I heard them from other people. He was an automobile salesman and heard them from groups that I would not have heard them from.
- D. Aaron Rankin Titus, my father, born in Missouri, reared in eastern Greene County under the influence of maternal grandparents, uncles, aunt, and his mother, all of whom migrated to Indiana (at the close of the Civil War) from Tennessee.
- E. Mrs. Mary Doidge, Linton, Indiana, past 70 years of age, my neighbor for about 21 years. She is of British extraction but was a child when she came to America. She lived in Missouri until she was almost grown. She always prefaces her sayings with: "I've always heard them say. . . ."
- F. Mrs. Edith Titus Ham, R. N., my sister, Linton, Indiana, (Bloomington Hospital Supervisor)
- G. Mrs. Ona Miller Cain, Dearborn, Michigan, formerly of Lyons and West Island, Indiana (My aunt)
- H. Mrs. Nina Titus Schanlaub, my sister, Salem, Indiana, Washington County
- I. Mrs. Pearl Fulke Greene, Linton, native of Cory, Indiana, deceased

(I have arranged the material, for the most part, according to the classification used by Professor Harold W. Thompson in Body, Boots, & Britches. The letter following each item indicates the informant, as given in the above list. The informants for single contributions are indicated below the single items.--Ed.)

I. PROVERBS OF WISDOMA. Love And Marriage

1. Marry in haste; repent at leisure. B

2-9

Marry in red, wish yourself dead.
 Marry in blue, always be true.
 Marry in black, wish yourself back.
 Marry in brown, live out of town.
 Marry in yellow, ashamed of the fellow.
 Marry in green, ashamed to be seen.
 Marry in gray, go far away.
 Marry in white, always do right. B

10. The longest way round is the sweetest way home. A

B. Proverbs Of Prudence1. Industry

a. He put his shoulder to the wheel. F
 b. Pull your weight. A
 c. Roll up your sleeves. A
 d. Root hog or die. C

2. Thrift

a. A penny saved is a penny earned. E
 b. Patch beside patch is honorable;
 But patch upon patch is abominable
 c. Patch beside patch is neighborly,
 But patch upon patch is beggarly.
 (Mrs. Molly Shumard, born in Vigo Co., Ind., deceased)
 d. Them that has gits. B
 e. Waste not, want not. E

C. Epigrams Of Folly

1. He hasn't sense enough to come in out of the rain. A
 2. He loosens the cords without tightening the stakes.
 (Dr. Cole, Trinity Episcopal Church, Bloomington, Ind., who heard it from his father)

D. Proverbs Of Comfort And Courage

1. A bad beginning makes a good ending. E
2. All's well that ends well. A
3. It's a long lane that has no turning. A
4. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. A
5. Keep a stiff upper lip. D
6. What is to be will be. E

E. Proverbs Of Caution Or Warning

1. A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
(Mrs. Ola Green of Robinson, Crawford Co., Ill.)
2. A new broom sweeps clean. F
3. Better be alone than in bad company. B
4. Birds of a feather flock together. B
5. Curiosity killed a cat. B
6. Don't count your chickens before they're hatched. C
7. Don't get your feet wet. A
8. Don't put all your eggs in one basket. A
9. Don't put the cart before the horse. B
10. Don't wash your dirty linen in public. A
11. Give an inch and they'll take a mile. B
12. He'd better clean up his own doorstep (or backyard). C
13. If you take good neighbors with you (when you move), you'll have good neighbors. A
14. It's not what you say but how you say it. A
15. It's the truth that hurts. B
16. Keep your skirts clean. A
17. Let it go in one ear and out the other. I
18. Let well enough alone. A
19. Paddle your own canoe. G

4.

20. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. C

21. A person is known by the company he keeps. B

22. Politeness is the seed of courtesy.
(Mrs. M. C. Nesbit, Bloomfield, Ind.)

23. Pretty is as pretty does. E

24. Self-brag is half scandal. E

25. Spare the rod and spoil the child. B

26. Them that won't hear must feel.
(Mrs. Charles Haywood, West Island, near Linton, Ind.)

27. There's a nigger in the woodpile. B

28. You can't catch flies with vinegar. A

29. Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad ends. B

F. Proverbs Of Ironical And Cynical Observation

1. A miss is as good as a mile. B

2. A watched pot won't boil. B

3. A wise man makes mistakes; a fool never does. C

4. Barking dogs won't bite. B

5. Beggars can't be choosers. E

6. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come. A

7. Easy come, easy go. A

8. Everybody's business is nobody's business. E

9. Finders keepers; losers weepers. A

10. He was caught in your trap. I
(Said to a father: The baby is yours; your wife bore it.)

11. He'll laugh out the other corner of his mouth. D

12. He's gone but not forgotten. A

13. If the shoe fits you, wear it. A

14. If you walked through a berry patch, could you tell which brier scratched you? (Comment on girls of loose morals who profess to know the paternity of their illegitimate offspring.
Informant: Mrs. Josephine Wilkie, deceased, Bloomfield, Ind.)

15. Live and learn. A
16. Only a fool fouls his own nest. A
17. Out of the frying pan into the fire. B
18. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. F
19. The shoe is on the other foot. F
20. Six of one and half a dozen of the other. D
21. The end justifies the means. A
22. The higher they climb, the harder they fall. C
23. The one's as deep in the mud as the other is in the mire. A
24. There's more ways than one to skin a cat. C
25. You bit off your nose to spite your face. B
26. You burned yourself, you'll have to sit on the blister. C
27. You can't spoil a bad egg. A
28. You made your bed; you have to lie in it. A
29. When it rains, it pours. E
30. When you're in Rome, do as the Romans do. C
31. Why buy a cow when you can milk her for nothing? A
(Why marry a girl of easy virtue?)

II. PROVERBS OF POETRY

A. Proverbial Comparisons Based Upon An Adjective Or Adverb

1. Awkward as a cow. B
2. Big as all get-out. D
3. Big as all out-of-doors. D
4. Big as a skinned ox. D
5. Bitter as gall. D
6. Black as tar. D
7. Blue as indigo. B
8. Clean as a whistle. C
9. Clear as mud. A

6.

10. Clumsy as an ox

11. Cold as the dead. A

12. Cold as a frog. A

13. Cold as ice. A

14. Cold as stone. A

15. Crazy as a bedbug. A

16. Crooked as a barrel of snakes. D

17. Cute as Christmas. A

18. Deader than a door nail. D

19. Deader'n a mackerel. C

20. Dull as dishwater. A

21. As fast as greased lightning. A

22. Green as grass. A

23. Hard as nails. C

24. Higher'n a kite. C

25. Ignorant as a hog. D

26. Limp as a wet dishrag. A

27. Loud enough to wake the dead. B

28. Mad as a hornet. D

29. Mad enough to bite a ten-penny nail in two. D

30. Neat as a pin. B

31. Not worth a copper cent. C

32. Not worth a dime. C

33. Not worth a plugged nickel. C

34. As old as Methuselah. B

35. Plain as day. B

36. Plain as the nose on your face. B

37. As poor as Job's turkey. B

38. Pretty as a little red wagon. A

39. Pretty as a picture. B

40. Red as a beet. A

41. As rich as Croesus. D

42. Scared spitless. F

43. Sharp as a tack. A

44. Sick as a dog. B

45. Slick as a ribbon. B

46. Slow as molasses. A

47. Slow as pond water. A

48. Slow as seven year itch. B

49. Soft as mush. D

50. Sound as a dollar.

51. Stubborn as a mule. D

52. Sure as Christmas. C

53. Thick as thieves. B

54. Tight as beeswax. A
(eastern Greene County before 1908.)

55. Ugly as sin. D

56. Weak as a cat. B

57. Wet as a drowned rat. B

58. White as a sheet. B

59. As wild as a buck. C

B. Proverbial Comparisons Developed From A Verb

1. Eats like a pig. B

2. Feel like the morning after the night before. A (modern)

3. Going like a bat out of hell. C

4. Knock him into the middle of next week. A

5. Knocked into a cocked hat. A

6. Lit up like a lighthouse. A

- 8.
7. Looking like the devil before day. G
8. Looking like he'd been drug through a knothole. A
9. Looking like a sick kitten. A
10. Looking like something the cats had drug in. A
11. Run like all get-out. A
12. Sweating like a nigger at election. B
13. Just like shooting fish in a rain barrel. H
14. Like taking candy from a baby. A

C. Metaphor

1. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. A
2. Every time he opens his mouth, he puts his foot in it. F
3. He can dish it out, but he can't take it. C
4. He has sticky fingers. A
5. He thinks he's God. C
6. He wants to feather his own nest. B
7. He was born to be hanged; he will never be shot. C
8. He was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. A
9. He wouldn't spit on someone (something) in hell. C
10. He's afraid of getting his hands dirty. A
11. He's blowing his own horn. A
12. He's digging his own grave. A
13. He's got snakes in his boots. B
(Said of a drunkard.)
14. He's not worth his salt. A
15. He's so ugly his face hurts. G
16. He's too big for his britches. A
17. He's yellow. (Or: He's got a yellow streak.) C
18. His word's as good as his bond. C
19. I haven't the sense I was born with. F

20. I work for him, but he don't own me. C

21. It leaves a good taste in your mouth.

(Mrs. Asa Williams, deceased)

D. Retorts For Special Occasions

1. Ain't you had no fetchin'!

(Mrs. Mayme Corn Greene, Winslow, Pike Co., Ind.)

2. All dressed up and nowhere to go. A

3. Always room for one more. A

4. Don't get your bowels in an uproar. C

5. Don't look at me in that tone of voice. C

6. Give a dog a bad name. E

7. Here's your hat. What's your hurry? D

8. I don't give a continental damn. D

(Is this a combination of "I don't give a continental" and "I don't give a damn"?—Ed.)

9. I don't give a tinker's dam. D

(I'm told that a tinker's dam is really a dam of wet sand or clay used to hold solder in place until it sets.—Ed.)

10. If it had been a snake it'd have bit you. B

11. I'll shake a bone loose. (a jocular admonition to children, heard from Mr. B. McGriffin, druggist, Linton, Ind.)

12. It's your funeral. C

13. I've been all over! A

14. I've been to China and back! A

15. I've been on a wild goose chase! A

(On a long, roundabout jaunt—Nos. 13, 14, 15.)

16. I've got problems of my own. A

17. I've got trouble enough at home. A

(Meaning I cannot interfere in another affair or assume other burdens)

18. Keep your shirt on. C

19. More fun: more people killed; basement full of dead policemen; blood on the trees; eyeballs floating down the gutter. Bicycle drove up; ten more got out!

(Nancy Schanlaub, age 15, Salem, Washington Co., and her cousin, Willard Ham, age 15, Linton, My niece and nephew.)

1b.

20. My fingers are all thumbs today. B

21. Oodle in and waddle out!

(Modern. Inspired by The Oodle Inn, a jive-joint in Switz City)

22. Run it in the ground and break it off. A

23. That gives me the bias cramp.

(Heard in early 1920's from Miss Lena Todd, native teacher, in Linton.)

24. That's where the shoe pinches. A

25. The better the day the better the deed. E

(The day, of course, is Sunday.)

26. Two's company, three's a crowd. A

27. What fur? ? Cat fur to make kitten britches. Want the first pair? "

Linton, Indiana

Marjory Titus Greene

(This fine sampling of Indiana sayings is a good beginning in Hoosier proverb collection. What do you say and hear in your neck of the woods? For a scholarly discussion of proverbs see Archer Taylor, The Proverb (Camebridge, Mass., 1931). For an excellent collection of proverbs current in New York State see H. W. Thompson, Body, Boots & Britches, 481-504. See also this Bulletin, III, 36-37.)

FOLKLORE FROM SMITHVILLE, INDIANA

These stories, collected by Mrs. Eileen Holaday from her ninth grade English students at Smithville High School, give us an idea of the types of stories told in this area—the former stamping ground of Bobby Hayes, Indiana strong man (See this Bulletin, I, 75-78). --the Editor.

I. LEGEND

1. The Indian Treasure Cave

Contributed to Mrs. Holaday by Autumn Beyers, age 16, March, 1945

When my forefathers came to America they were among the first ones to settle in Lawrence County.

My great-great-grandfather was out plowing in a field one day near home when he saw two Indians coming up toward him. I can imagine how frightened he must have felt right off of the reel, because people were afraid of Indians in them days. The Indians came up to where he was and asked him a few questions. Then they told him not to be scared because they weren't going to hurt him. They blindfolded him, turned him around three times, and led him somewhere—he said he didn't have to cross any fences. Then they turned him around three times again. Then he heard them uncovering something and he was led down into a secret cave somewhere. When they got him into the cave they unblindfolded him.

He said that there were gold nuggets stacked in heaps everywhere; everywhere you looked all you could see was gold. The Indians got all the gold they wanted and gave him a piece, then blindfolded him, took him out of the cave, covered it back up again, and turned him around a few times, led him back to his plow, and unblindfolded him again after turning him around again.

They told him that they hadn't taken him off his place, that they had come their last time, and that if he found the place, that all of the gold was his. But the place was never found as far as anyone knows.

He took the Indians to his house and gave them a good meal and they left never to be seen again. I suppose in those days people didn't have much use for gold and that he didn't probably think very much more about it.

It has been thought sometimes he did find the place, because he always had a good living without very much work.

(For Indiana parallels see this Bulletin III, 44-47.)

II. WITCHERY

2. The Witch As Hog

Contributed by Louise Deckard, age 18, March, 1945.

A woman was weaving one day. While she wove she always left her baby in the crib setting in front of the door. She heard a noise and saw a hog rooting at the crib as if it was trying to turn the crib over. The dog began barking, and it left. The next day it came again so she decided she would sharpen up her hatchet for protection.

So the next morning as usual she heard the noise. This time she seen a foot of a hog come in the door. She raised to her feet and got the hatchet and chopped at the foot. When it fell, it was a woman's hand.

She knew of witchery in the village, so the next morning she prepared to go see the lady who did witching. When she arrived, the witch-woman was in bed with her hand off. This ended the witching and annoyance.

(For parallels and notes see E. E. Gardner, Folklore from the Schoharie Hills New York, (Ann Arbor, 1937) 72; Hoffman, JAFL, II, 32. More often, however the witch appears as a cat. See this Bulletin, I, 61; and for even fuller notes by Herbert Halpert, see R. Chase, The Jack Tales (New York, 1943) 192. Motif D 702.1.1.)

III. GHOSTS

3. A Ghostly Return

Contributed by Catherine Keutzer, March, 1945.

My parents were very young and not at all rich when they married. They moved in an old house in Indianapolis with several other people,

occupying two front rooms.

In the middle of the night Mother heard the door open and she went and shut it. When she was in bed she saw it was open again, so she had daddy shut it. It stayed this time and she went back to sleep. A few minutes later she awoke to find a policeman bending over her. He had one foot up on the chair by her bed, just watching her. When Dad awoke it was gone.

My mother told the landlady of it, and she said that back in the days when Indianapolis was being settled and civilized, this policeman and his wife had a room here and one night coming home from duty he found the wife and her lover in bed, and shot them both.

4. An Invisible Ghost

Contributed by Catherine Keutzer, March, 1945.

On a street in Indianapolis there were once six houses in a row all built the same and all. My parents lived in the house on the end. Every night they heard noises. Once my uncle and Dad started digging in the cellar and came upon a little strand of beads, a doll, and an unmistakable human bone, proven by a doctor later. They turned this over to the police. After this they felt better. My parents lived with my uncle and they thought nothing would bother them now.

There was an old bureau in the yard and they laid this on the cellar. In the night they were awakened by ghostly sounds, moans, and scraping like throwing shovels of dirt on something soft. They heard footsteps coming up the cellar steps, and looking from the door they saw the cellar door, bureau and all, open up wide and then close gently again as if someone had come out. It was rather hard, but they agreed they were seeing things. But in the morning, they found a butcher knife in the floor and bloody footsteps all over the floor and a shovel in the cellar like the kind the people used about ten years before.

The houses along this block were emptied and the police could find nothing. The houses were ordered torn down some twenty years ago.

(See Gardner, 96 for text and notes; and for the many manifestations of ghosts see Louis C. Jones, "The Ghosts of New York: An Analytical Study," The Journal of American Folklore, 57 (1944), pp. 237-254.)

5. Strangulation

Contributed by Catherine Keutzer, March, 1945

When my parents were in their young married life, they had a small house on Ramp Creek.

One night my daddy worked late and Mother was alone except for the old pet dog, Major. Suddenly there came the most horrible sounds from under the house as if someone were thrashing around in their death throes and sounds as though they were struggling for breath. And then finally a gurgling breath and the sound died away.

Mother tried to get the dog to go out as she was afraid someone had her chickens, but he whimpered and cringed back under the bed. Then Mother was really scared.

The next morning a neighbor came by and told her that the woman about four houses away had died through the night of choking to death.

6. The Tears On The Coffin

Contributed by Catherine Keutzer, March, 1945.

One of my aunt's relatives had married, and her husband had died. She had always felt there was another woman but could never find evidence.

In those days there were no funeral homes and the bodies were kept in the parlor. It was also the custom to sit up with the dead. It was long in the middle of the night when the dead man's wife became thirsty and left the room for a drink. She was just lifting the glass to her lips when she heard sobbing in the parlor. Now there was no one in the house except her and it made her feel very funny.

She forced herself to go back to the parlor, and as she entered the room she said, "In God's name whatever you are go away." The sobbing stopped but slowly as though it didn't want to stop; and walking over to the casket she saw on the fresh white netting over the dead body, three tears, and she couldn't get them off.

After the funeral when she washed and scrubbed the netting, it was to no avail for the tears were like wax (hard) and wouldn't come off.

This happened about 1920.

(For the practice of addressing a ghost in the name of the Lord as a protection or as a means of "laying" the ghost, see Gardner, 89, n. 20; and 95, n. 52 and n. 53)

7. The Murdered Peddler

Contributed by Catherine Keutzer, March 1945

When my grandmother was a little girl, she went to visit a cousin in the country. That night as they lay in bed they talked long into the night as little girls will. They spoke of how this room had, till a couple of years back, been the room of an old peddler who passed through at times. They drifted on to other subjects and all at once they heard a creaking and, looking up, they saw the closet door, that had been locked since the old tin peddler had been there last, was opening and a ball of fire rolling out. They covered up their heads with the covers but something pulled their hair. Their screams finally brought attention and although the people didn't see the ball of fire, her aunt thought it to be true because the old man had always carried his money with him, and he had been murdered along the road. He was never heard of again.

(See Thompson, 432 for a story of a murdered peddler who appears as a ghost, in his own form, however. For ghosts pulling at bedclothes see Jones, 249.)

8. The Re-enacted Crime

Contributed by Catherine Keutzer, March 1945.

My mother's people lived in the South and this tale has been passed down.

Some relative of long ago loved a southern boy, and when she was left alone when he went to war, she had to run the plantation alone as she was an orphan. She was a good girl and worked hard and prayed for his return.

One night when the North had invaded in Carolina, her sweetheart came home and told her to hide him as the Northern soldiers were coming. He was wounded, but she hid him in the grandfather clock. When the Yankees came they were drunk and the girl had hopes they wouldn't see the blood on the floor. But one drunken soldier spied the blood and trailed it to the clock. They shot the boy in the clock, and the girl in trying to protect him was shot too.

My mother said that no one ever lived in this home again, and superstitious colored people said on a night when the moon was under a cloud you could go past the place and see the whole scene being re-enacted again.

(A story of a re-enacted crime, although it differs in details from this, appears in Thompson, 121-122. For other accounts of re-enacted crimes see Jones, 245.)

9. The Phantom Stagecoach

Contributed by Catherine Keutzer, March, 1945.

Old Jim Buchanan, an old man that used to come and tell stories to us when we were little children, told us the story of the stagecoach. Mother would fix him dinner, and once while waiting for it he told this story.

The lane our house is now on, not so long ago was woods and there were no homes around when they first settled here. Mr. Buchanan has lower land below our farm and he was out here one afternoon feeding and working. It became too dark to work and he started home about three miles away.

All at once behind him he heard the sound of hoofbeats. Thinking it was a horse and buggy he stepped aside and turned to watch. But it was a stagecoach drawn by four horses with a driver cracking his whip loudly. When the stagecoach drew up beside him it disappeared, and the sudden unearthly silence started Jim home faster than before.

But people say they think it was the old stagecoach trail through here and a ghost come back.

10. The Headless Horseman

Contributed by Catherine Keutzer, March 1945.

Back in the days of horse and buggies, a relative of the family was one who went and helped on baby cases. One night--dark as pitch, no moon whatever--came a frantic call.

It was about 12:30 when she started back along the trail in a lope. Halfway through the woods she heard hoofbeats of a single horse behind her. It was late and she felt a little fear so she lay spur to the horse, but the person behind kept gaining. Turning around she could barely see the outline, but in a burst of moonlight she saw the figure had no head. He continued to race after her till the light from her home came in sight.

She was told that the people believed this woods to be the one in which so many of the criminals had been hung.

(See Gardner, 88; Jones 240; compare this with story no. 2 in the following article)

Smithville High School

Mrs. Eileen Holaday

MORE FOLKLORE FROM SMITHVILLE

1. Witchery In The Old Days

A. Making Mice Run

B. Getting Milk From A Towel

Contributed to Mrs. Harmeyer, 1941.

This story is over a hundred years old. It started with my great-great-grandmother and grandfather. Their names were Mr. And Mrs. Houser. Sally was their hired girl.

Mr. Houser was a circuit rider. One night when he had returned from a trip, the neighbors gathered in for a friendly chat. They were talking about witches. Sally was in the group. Someone said he knew a person who could make the broom dance. Another one said she knew a person that could make the house run black with mice. Sally dropped her head and said, "I can do that."

Mr. Houser said, "What! We want to see you do that, Sally." Sally refused, but Mr. Houser said she must.

"Well," she said, "you must promise not to strike at them." They promised. Sally started counting on her fingers. Everywhere there were little black mice, on the chair backs, on the rafters, and everywhere they could run. She quit counting, and the mice disappeared.

Mr. Houser said, "Sally, where did you learn to do that?"

Sally replied, "I went to school once where they taught those things."

Mr. Houser asked, "Is there anything else you can do like that?"

"Not much," she answered.

"If there is anything else you can do, I want you to do it," he said. Sally refused, but he made her continue.

Sally finally said, "I can milk the cow at the hand towel, but I don't want to."

He said, "You must."

She said, "I must have a bucket and a towel."

The towel looked like a rug with a long fringe. The fringe was what she milked. She took her bucket and knelt down by the towel. She acted as though it was a real cow.

Mr. Houser said, "Well, Sally?"

She looked up. "You will have to name a neighbor's cow." There was a neighbor that had a very fine cow. Grandfather named this cow.

Sally started to milk. The milk was white and foamed. It looked like any other milk. She milked a few minutes and quit. Grandfather said, "Go ahead, Sally." But again she refused. He told her to go ahead.

She replied, "No, the cow will get sick." But she milked awhile longer and quit again and said, "Now she is sick."

Mr. Houser said, "Milk on."

Sally milked awhile longer and said, "Now she's down." He told her to milk on. She said, "No, the cow will die if I do."

He replied, "Go on and milk. If she dies, I'll pay for her." But just then the neighbor boy called for Mr. Houser and told him to come quick, that something was wrong with the cow. The people all went over there, but the cow was dead when they reached there.

Then they returned to Mr. Houser's home. He still wanted to know if she could do anything else. But she said there was not. Mr. Houser said, "Sally, this is of the evil spirit, and I can't have you in my house any longer." Sally cried. He asked her what she wanted to do. She said she wanted to stay. Then she told him of some people that she could stay with. He took her to the station and sent her off.

In later years they met on the street in a town where he had gone to preach. She knew him, but he didn't her. She spoke to him and asked, "Do you remember me?" He said he did not. She said, "Do you remember Sally who used to stay with you?" After that he remembered her. She told him that she was married and had a family, and the evil spirits didn't bother her any more. She said that she had got rid of all of that.

(For stories of the power of witches over cows see Gardner, 66ff., note 93. For the power of witches to attract milk from other cows to one's own cow or to brooms, sticks, towels, etc. see Gardner, 69, n. 108. A story of a stableman squeezing milk from a dry towel appears in JAFL, IV, 24.)

2. Ghost Riders: Headless Horsemen

Contributed to Mrs. Harmeyer by Robert L. Robertson," 1941.

This story began in Jackson County at a place called the Sixteenth Corner. My great-uncle, Henry Fleetwood, and his friend, Jimmie Taylor, both old men, were passing the fire tower which is situated in the Sixteenth Corner. They heard horses trotting and chains rattling. They saw no one.

People had heard these sounds before, but still it made their hair stand on end. They ran for home and brought back some men and lanterns to make an investigation. They searched the surrounding woods but found no one. This is a mystery that hasn't been solved, but the noises and queer things still happen. My great-uncle told my father all of this, and my father passed it on to me.

B.

Contributed by Walder Lee Reeves, age 15, 1941.

This took place at the Sixteenth Corner. One day my father and his two brothers were out cutting wood. They heard a horse trotting down the road. In those days people would stop and talk to each other. They thought they would finish cutting off their wood and go up to the road to talk awhile.

The team was parked beside the road and the dog was lying in front of them. All three of the boys had on shirts just alike. When they got back to the road, they saw a headless man floating through the air. It had a shirt on just like the boys did. It went to the forks of the road and vanished. The dog and team saw it; so that is how they knew they did not imagine it.

Lots of people had heard the horses trotting but had not seen the headless man. One night two men were sitting on a rail fence near there. They heard the trotting horses.

What was thought to have caused this was that there used to be an old Indian camp near by and lots of people were killed. It is said to be still going on. My father told it to me. It happened about 1914, A. D. This is real. It happened. It was not just made up and told to be the truth.

(See story no. 10 of the preceding article. The Sixteenth Corner is the corner of Jackson County which touches Monroe, Lawrence, and Brown Counties.)

Roswell, New Mexico

Mrs. Alice J. Harmeyer

(The above stories were collected by Mrs. Harmeyer, to whom goes the original credit for the discovery of Bobby Hayes, in 1941, when she was teaching in Smithville, six and one-half miles from Bloomington. The contributions of Mrs. Holaday, Mrs. Harmeyer, and Miss Sweeney to the Bulletin show the range of materials available from school children and also the

interest of school children in supplying well-known family and community narratives. Shorthand transcriptions of the stories as children tell them would probably offer a more authentic style than versions written by students. Furthermore, students can often lead the collector to residents who are "born story-tellers," or to people who are supplied with large funds of valuable story material.)

NOTES

MORE ABOUT THE INERADICABLE BLOOD STAIN

The legend of "The Blood Stain" in the December 1944 number of the Bulletin (pp. 65-66) calls to mind the popular belief of the Mormons in the ineradicability of the blood stains of Joseph Smith, who was felled by the bullets of an enraged mob that broke into the Carthage, Illinois jail; June 27, 1844. Like the stains mentioned in the Indiana legend, above, those of the martyred Mormon prophet, according to popular accounts still circulating after a full hundred years, defied all efforts at removal. I have heard numerous stories dealing with attempts to remove the stains, but never, I think, with clear details as to the means employed.

Whether the words of one of the most widely sung Latter-Day-Saint hymns, "Praise to the Man," were based on such accounts, I can only venture an affirmative guess.

Praise to his memory, he died as a martyr,
Honored and blest be his ever great name;
Long shall his blood, which was shed by assassins,
Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.

That the literal rather than the figurative sense of the last line has persisted even after old enmities are quite forgotten, may offer an explanation of the fact that song books printed after 1927 render the last line as follows: "Plead unto heav'n, while the earth lauds his fame."

In his authoritative article, "Popular Legends of the Mormons," (California Folklore Quarterly, I (1942), 105-125), Austin E. Fife treats of Joseph Smith's martyrdom, and mentions the matter of the blood stains with the full implication of innocent blood "as a testimony to the divine mission of Joseph Smith" (cf. pp. 106-108, and n. 1, p. 108).

University of California, Los Angeles

Wayland D. Hand

(See also Jones, JAFL, 57, p. 251. Our thanks to Professor Hand for this information about a motif appearing in an entirely different situation than the one published in the Bulletin last time.--the Editor.)

The Well-Trained Hunting Dog

Contributed to the editor by Catherine Walker, LaFontaine, Indiana, March, 1945.

Although the barber in our town is a very good barber, his real

skill is story-telling. Jesse's stories would not be nearly so funny if he told them as deliberate lies, but he actually expects his listeners to believe them. His dogs, in particular are among the most remarkable animals in the world.

One of these, a black and white setter, was noted, according to Jesse, as the best hunting dog in the state. Time and again Bob performed the most amazing feats. One afternoon, however, while Jesse was hunting, the dog disappeared. Jesse called and whistled and called some more. He finally started looking for the dog in every corner of the field and behind all the bushes and shrubs. After looking for hours he gave up and went home.

Jesse left the community shortly afterward and was gone for several years. When he did come back, he had another dog--and another collection of stories. He hunted a lot with the new dog; and one of their trips led them along a little creek bed which ran next to the field where old Bob had been lost. Suddenly, upon turning a bend in the creek, Jesse had a great shock. There in the middle of a bramble patch was the skeleton of a dog at full point, and hidden in a hollow near by was the skeleton of the pheasant at which the dog had been pointing all these years.

Jesse brought back a piece of collar, to prove that the skeleton was the remains of his faithful dog which refused to leave the bird which he had found.

(The story supplements previous publications of tales of unusual dogs. See this Bulletin, I, 63, 71; II, 61-62. This must be a field of folklore which can be expanded indefinitely. Again the question: What do they tell in your part of the country?)

THE POISONED DRESS

The following story, contributed to the editor by Virginia Charlton of Indianapolis in 1942, is included in this issue because I want to find out what is known about it. It was evidently a very popular oral story several years ago. I have another version (from New Jersey) in manuscript, and I have found that it is rather widely known in Indiana. It has been reported from Terre Haute (in this version the dress was purchased in a well known Indianapolis department store), Bloomington, Huntington, and twice from Indianapolis. The other version I have in manuscript is substantially the same as the one given below except for the explanation. In this version the formaldehyde in the dress simply closed the girl's pores, causing death.

Is there a written version of the story, or was it used in a radio program? None of my informants knew of such a version, but there may well have been one. When was it first heard? The earliest date I have for it is 1941. Where did the tragedy happen?

If you know the story, please write it out, exactly as you heard it, giving all possible background information: where you heard it; when you heard it; from whom you heard it; and, if possible, the source from which your informant heard it. Please be as specific as possible with names, dates, and locations. Send in your versions, and we'll see what kind of a life history we can chart for the story.--The Editor.

Recently there was a certain story spreading over the entire Midwest which took everyone by storm. It seems there was a banquet at a prominent hotel in a certain city. One particular girl who was going decided it was important enough to have a new dress. She bought one at a local department store, a simple but exquisite gown. At the dance after the dinner, her escort noticed a peculiar odor while they were dancing. She had been feeling faint, and she believed it was the odor. She thought the dye in the dress had faded; so she went to the washroom and took off the dress. There was nothing wrong; so she went back to the dance again. However, she felt more faint, and the odor still remained. She thought she had better sit down, and on the way back to their table, she fainted. Her escort took her home, and called a doctor. She died before he got there. The boy explained about the odor, and the doctor investigated the dress and found that the dress had a familiar odor. He ordered an autopsy, and they discovered that the girl had formaldehyde in her veins. The drug had coagulated her blood, and had stopped the flow.

They investigated the department store where she had bought the dress and learned that the dress had been sold for a corpse and had been returned and sold to the girl. When she perspired and her pores opened, she took in the formaldehyde which killed her.

ERRATUM

On the top line of the first page of the December, 1944 issue of the Bulletin, "Volume II" should read "Volume III."

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Notice to Members

Membership dues for 1945 should be mailed promptly to Mrs. Cecelia H. Hendricks, Treasurer, Hoosier Folklore Society, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Members are urged to secure new members for the Society and to contribute manuscripts for publication. Only with an increase in the funds made available by increased membership can we enlarge the size and scope of the Bulletin.